

## Bruised Side (Of Your Ribs)

Wouldn't you like to make up  
With the bruised side of your ribs, Adam?  
They are exposed like Autumn.

You once put your seed everywhere.  
You once put your seed in the ground.

I have seen you from my tropical perch,  
Where you thought I was wind between branches.

I know you better than anything.  
How many times did you trust me?

Wherever the formation of birds points  
It goes because of pointing there.

Adam, you once knew those signals.  
I remember the glint in your open book eyes  
When you pleased he who it put it there.

Do you not cherish the return of that glimmer?  
If we build fires around the bruised side of your ribs  
Do you not desire the heat?

It is easy to get happy with mediocre gardens.  
Only a caveman parks his heart at the hearth.